MICKEY

Clarke

WORDS BY
Harry Williams
MUSIC BY
Neil Moret

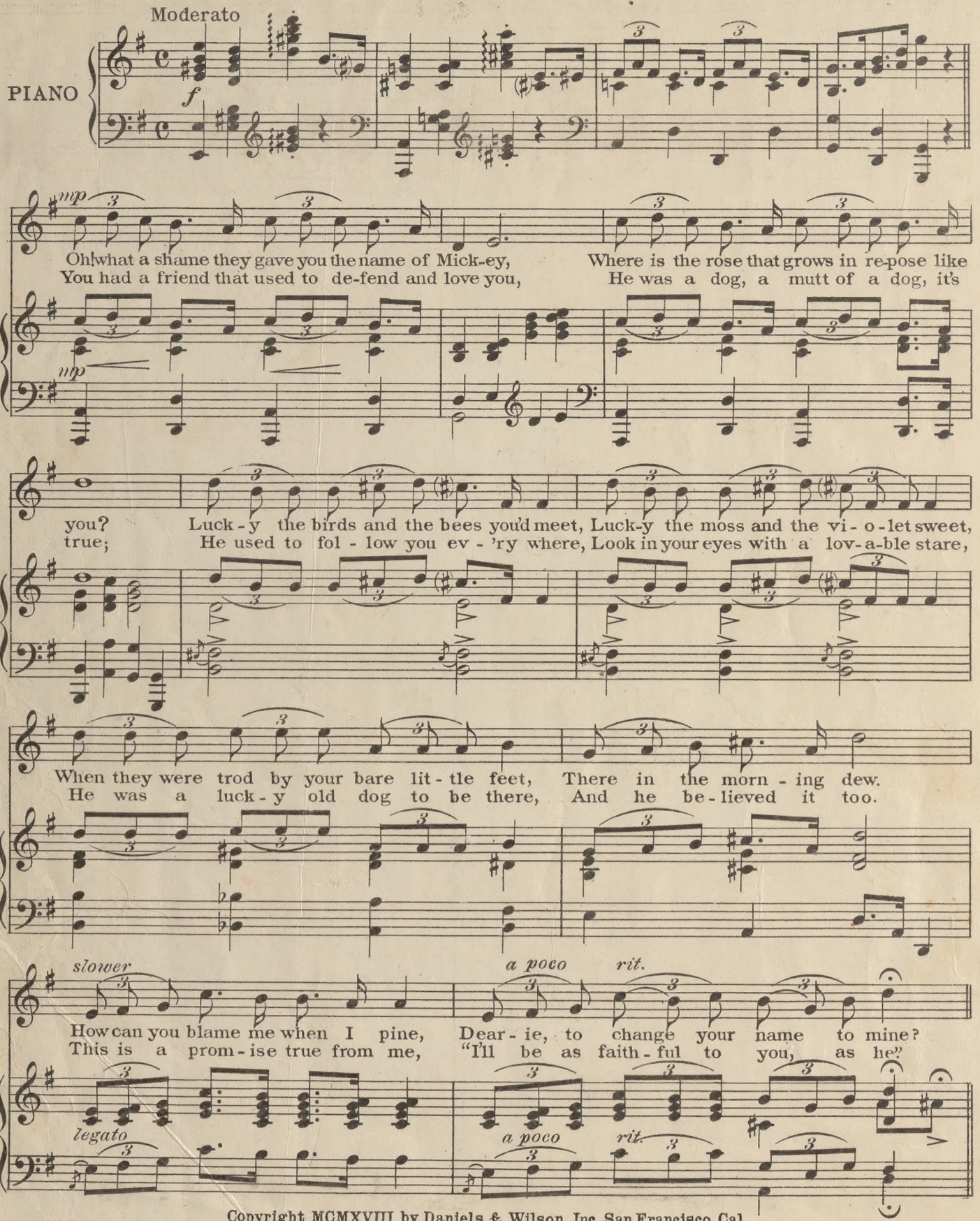
Adapted from
MACK SENNETT'S
$500.000
PHOTOPLAY
"MICKEY"
And Respectfully
Dedicated to
MABEL
NORMAND

BARBELLE

Mickey

Words by
HARRY WILLIAMS

Music by
NEIL MORÉT


Moderato
PIANO
f
mp
Oh! what a shame they gave you the name of Mick-ey,
You had a friend that used to de-fend and love you,
Where is the rose that grows in re-pose like
He was a dog, a mutt of a dog, it's
you?
true;
Luck-y the birds and the bees you'd meet, Luck-y the moss and the vi-o-let sweet,
He used to fol-low you ev-'ry where, Look in your eyes with a lov-a-ble stare,
When they were trod by your bare lit-tle feet, There in the morn-ing dew.
He was a luck-y old dog to be there, And he be-lieved it too.
slower
a poco rit.
How can you blame me when I pine, Dear-ie, to change your name to mine?
This is a prom-ise true from me, "I'll be as faith-ful to you, as he"
legato
a poco rit.

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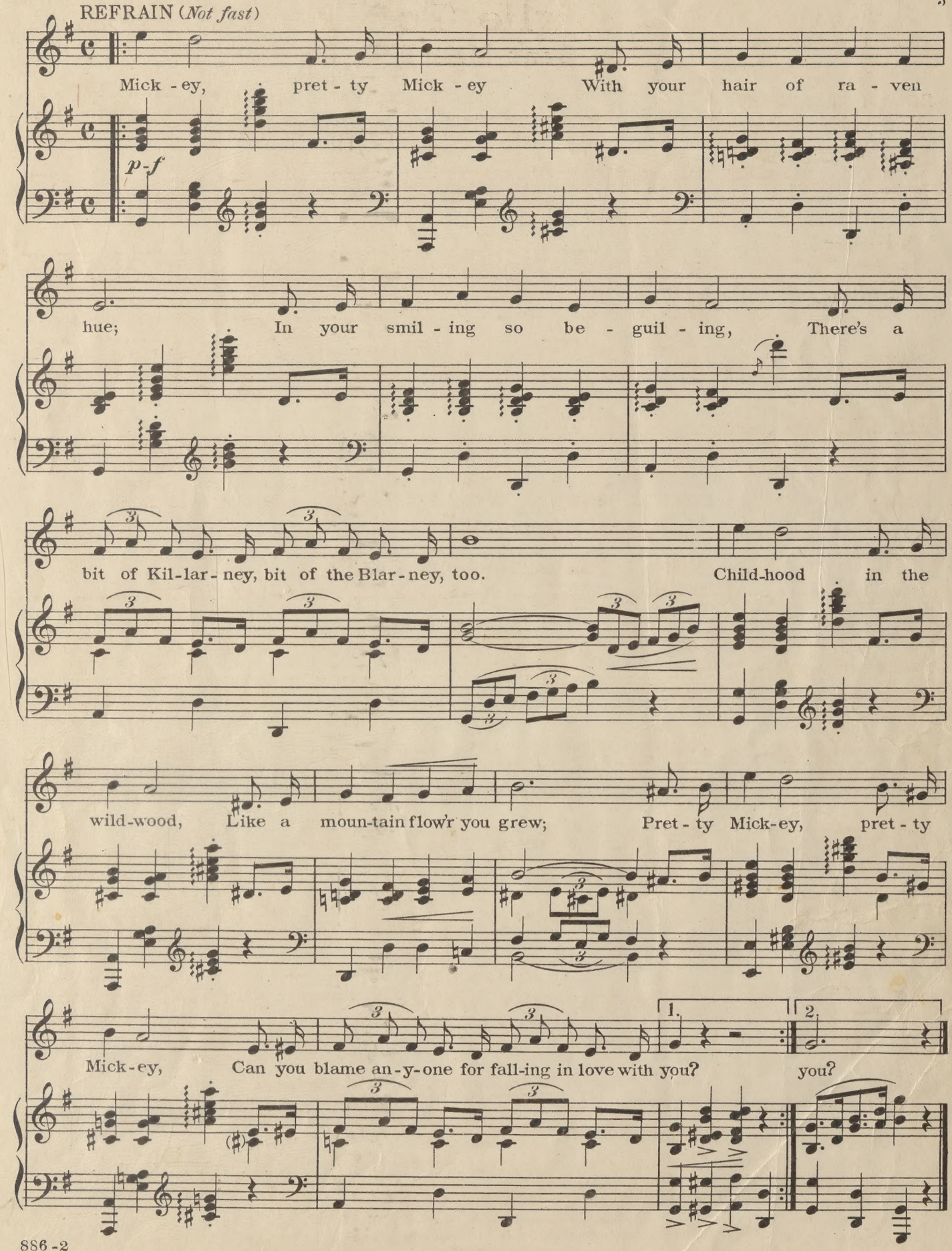
REFRAIN (*Not fast*)
Mick - ey, pret - ty Mick - ey With your hair of ra - ven
p-f
hue; In your smil - ing so be - guil - ing, There's a
bit of Kil-lar - ney, bit of the Blar - ney, too. Child-hood in the
wild-wood, Like a moun-tain flow'r you grew; Pret - ty Mick-ey, pret - ty
Mick-ey, Can you blame an - y-one for fall-ing in love with you?
1.
2.
you?

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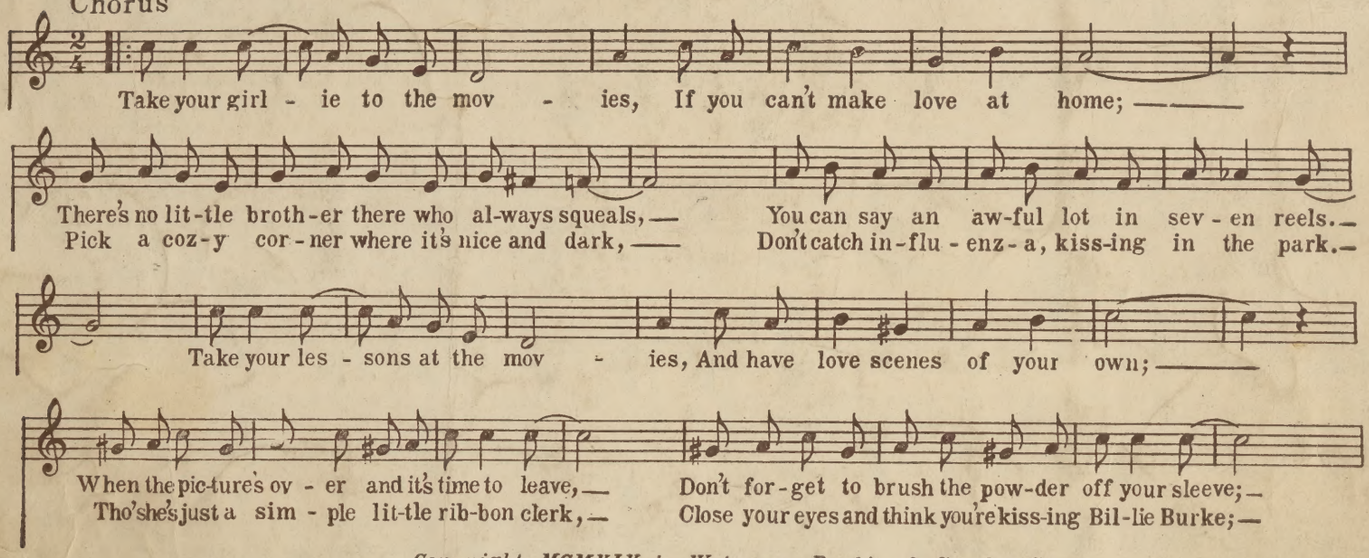
Take Your Girlie To The Movies

(If You Can't Make Love At Home)

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE and
BERT KALMAR

Music by
PETE WENDLING
arr. by Fred E. Ahlert

Chorus


Take your girl - ie to the mov - ies, If you can't make love at home;
There's no lit-tle broth-er there who al-ways squeals,
Pick a coz-y cor-ner where it's nice and dark,
You can say an aw-ful lot in sev-en reels.
Don't catch in-flu-enz-a, kiss-ing in the park.
Take your les - sons at the mov - ies, And have love scenes of your own;
When the pic-tures ov - er and it's time to leave,
Tho' she's just a sim - ple lit-tle rib-bon clerk,
Don't for-get to brush the pow-der off your sleeve;
Close your eyes and think you're kiss-ing Bil-lie Burke;

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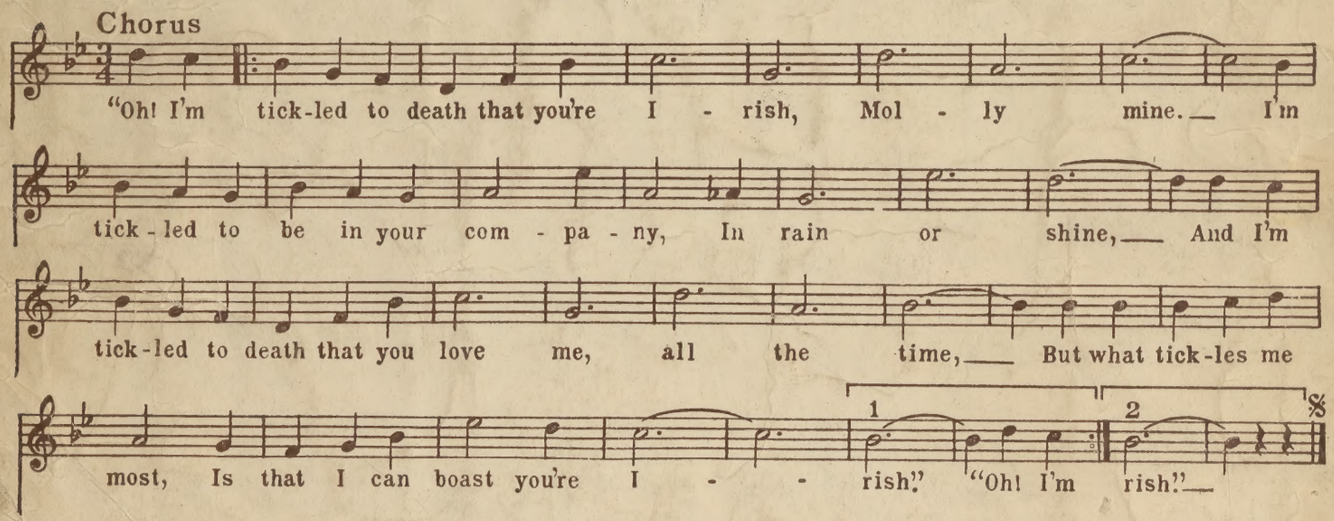
I'm Tickled To Death That You're Irish

Words by
SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Chorus


"Oh! I'm tick-led to death that you're I - rish, Mol - ly mine. I'm
tick-led to be in your com - pa - ny, In rain or shine, And I'm
tick-led to death that you love me, all the time, But what tick-les me
most, Is that I can boast you're I - - rish!" "Oh! I'm rish!"
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